He needes no indirect nor lawfull course,
To cut off those that haue offended him.
 1 Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant spring, braue Plantagenet,
The Princely Nouice was strooke dead by thee.
 Cla. My brothers loue, the Diuell, and my rage.
 1 Thy brothers loue, the Diuell, and thy fault,
Haue brought vs hither now to murder thee.
 Cla. Oh, if you loue my brother, hate not me,
I am his brother, and I loue him well:
If you be hirde for neede, goe backe againe,
And I will send you to my brother *Glocester*,
Who will reward you better for my life,
Then *Edward* will for tidings of my death.
 2 You are deceiued, your brother *Glocester* hates you.
 Cla. Oh no, he loues me, and he holds me deare,
Goe you to him from me.
 Am. I so we will.
 Cla. Tell him, when that our Princely father *Yorke*,
Blest his three sonnes with his victorious arme;
And chargd vs from his soule to loue each other,
He little thought of this diuided friendship,
Bid *Glocester* thinke on this, and he will weepe.
 Am. I, milstones, as he lessoned vs to weepe.
 Cla. O doe not slander him for he is kind.
 1 Right as snow in haruest, thou deceiuest thy selfe,
Tis he that sent vs hither now to murder thee.
 Cla. It cannot be: for when I parted with him
He hugd me in his armes, and swore with sobs,
That he would labour my deliuery.
 2 Why so he doth, now he deliuers thee,
From this worlds thraldome, to the ioyes of Heauen.
 1 Make peace with God, for you must dye my Lord.
 Cla. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soule,
To counsell me to make my peace with God;
And art thou yet to thy owne soule so blinde,
That thou wilt war with God, for murdring me?
Ah sirs consider, he that set you on
To doe this deed, will hate you for this deed,

 2 What shall we doe?
 Cla. Relent, and saue your
 1 Relent, tis cowardly, and
 Cla. Not to relent, is beastly
My friends I spie some pitty
Oh if thy eyes be not a flatter
Come thou on my side and
A begging Prince what begg
 1 I thus, and thus: if this
Ile chop thee in the Malmesey
 2 A bloody deed and desp
How faine would I like *Pilat*
Of this most grieuous guilty
 1 Why dost thou not helpe
By heauen the Duke shall kn
 2 I would he knew that I
Take thou the fee, and tell hi
For I repent me that the Du
 1 So doe not I, goe cowar
Now must I hide his body
Vntill the Duke take order f
And when I haue my meed
For this will out, and here I
 Enter King, Queene,
 King. So now I haue done
Your Peares continue the
I euery day expect an Emba
From my Redemer, to redee
And now in peace my soule
Since I haue set my friends
Riuers and *Hastings*, take ea
Disemble not your hatred, s
 Ri. By heauen my heart is
And with my hand I seale m
 Hast. So thriue I as I swe
 King. Take heed you da
Least he that is the supream
Confound your hidden false
Eyther of you to be the oth

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22321) LONDON, 1634 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 37